

# RODNEY STANDARD.

"HE THAT WILL NOT REASON, IS A BIGOT; HE THAT CANNOT, IS A FOOL; AND HE THAT DARE NOT, IS A SLAVE."

RODNEY, (Miss.) TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1838.

No. 2.

## NEW GOODS.

THE undersigned has just received, and is now opening a general assortment of New Goods.

### Groceries.

Consisting of the best selection of Imported Spirits, and wines of all kinds. Brown and Loaf Sugar, Salt, Coffee, Soap, Candles, preserved Fruits, Pickles, Ketchups, &c.

### SADDLERY.

Gentlemen's, Ladies', Boys', and Race Saddles of all qualities, Bridles, Martingales, &c.

### CLOTHING.

Of first quality, consisting of gentlemen's Dress, and over Coats, Pantalons, &c.

**BEAVER HATS**  
**SHOES,**  
Russell, Brogans, Gentlemen's & Ladies' Shoes, of all qualities, Pumps, &c.

**A LOT OF BAGGING AND ROPE,**  
**HARDWARE & DRY GOODS,**  
a general supply of such articles as are wanted to make my former stock complete all of which he offers low for cash.

J. U. EVANS.  
Rodney, Nov. 21, 1837 2-4f

## NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received, and is now opening, at the stand, formerly occupied by B. Campbell, Esq. a large, and splendid

**STOCK OF GOODS**  
consisting of almost every variety of articles suitable to this market, and to the present season, all of which will be sold, at the most reduced prices, for cash, or to punctual persons, on a credit until the 1st of Jan'y. He invites his old customers, and the public generally, to call and examine them.

LEVI C. HARRIS.  
Rodney Sept. 23, 1837. 31

## NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers are now receiving a splendid assortment of

**FANCY GOODS,**  
**SUMMER CLOTHING, SADDLERY**  
**BOOTS & SHOES, QUEENS-**  
**WARE, GOLD & SILVER**  
**WATCHES, and JEW-**  
**ELRY—**

Together with an assortment of **MEDICINES & BOOKS,** all of which were carefully selected in New York by one of the first true pur-

GRIFING, CAROTHERS & Co.  
March 28, 1837. 7-y

To our Customers & the public generally.

WE have just received, direct from New York, a splendid assortment of **SPRING AND SUMMER**

**Merchandise,**

of which the following is a part—  
3-4, 7-8, and 4-4 Lowell Cottons,  
Brown & bleached Sheetings and Shirtings,  
Irish Linen,  
Linen Shirtings and Diaper,  
A beautiful assortment of Prints,  
Silks, (plain and figured)  
Muslins,  
Cambrics,  
Capes,  
Collars,  
Fancy Handkerchiefs,  
Laces,  
Edgings,  
Hosiery,  
Bonnets, &c. &c.  
To which we invite the attention of the Ladies particularly.

—ALSO—

A handsome lot of **Jewelry,** just rec'd  
**HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GLASS,**  
**WARE, QUEENSWARE, AND**  
**GROCERIES—**

Asplendid Stock of **SPRING & SUMMER**

**CLOTHING,**

**HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c. &c. &c.**

To which we call the attention of the gentlemen, and promise to please them.

FAUVER & FARNSWORTH.  
April 4, 1837. 8-4f

## NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the firms of Wilson & Allison, and Allison & Snyder, are requested to call and settle their accounts and notes with the subscriber, as I am authorized to settle them from this date.

The books, &c. will be kept at the store of my brother in Rodney.

NATHANIEL WILSON.  
November 14, 1837 1-4f

**RUNAWAY IN JAIL.**

WAS committed to the jail of this county on the 5th instant.

**A MULATTO BOY,**

NAMED **JOHN,**

about 22 years of age, and says he belongs to Thomas Grafton,

living in Madison county, Mississippi.

The owner is requested to comply with the law, and take him away.

HENRY TERRELL, Jailor.  
Jefferson county, May 16, 1837 14

**EVERY variety of BLANKS kept on hand and for sale at this office**



## FAME.

BY JOANNA BAILEY.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame  
Is nothing but an empty name,  
Whilst in that sound there is a charm  
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm;  
As, thinking of the mighty dead,  
The young from slothful couch will start,  
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,  
Like them to act a noble part?

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame  
Is nothing but an empty name!  
When, but for those, our mighty dead,  
All ages past a blank would be,  
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed—  
A desert bare, a s'p'ly sea!  
There are the distant objects seen—  
The lofty marks of what have been.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame  
Is nothing but an empty name!  
When memory of the mighty dead,  
To earth worn pilgrim's wistful eye,  
The brightest rays of cheering shed,  
That point to immortality?

eye and glossy hair, and her somewhat handsome form, had attracted not a few admirers. Her matrimonial fate, however, had been early decided; and the circumstances under which it was about to be brought to a happy issue, were most honorable to both parties interested. At the age of eighteen Jeanie's heart had been sought and won by William Ainslie, a young tradesman in the neighboring town. Deep was the affection that sprang up between the pair, but they combined prudence with love, and resolved, after binding themselves by the simple love vows of their class, to defer their union until they should have earned enough to insure them a happy and comfortable home. For six long years had they been true to each other, though they had met at rare intervals during the whole of that period. By industry and good conduct, William Ainslie had managed to lay by the sum of forty pounds, a great deal for one in his station; and this, joined with Jeanie's lesser earnings, had encouraged them to give way to the long cherished wishes of their hearts. A but-and-a-ben, or a cottage with two apartments, had been taken and furnished by William, and the wedding was to take place on the day following the May term, in the house of the bride's sister-in-law.

We left Jeanie Gray on her way from the farmhouse of Drylaw. After her momentary regret at parting with the children, whom the affectionate creature dearly loved, as she was disposed to do every living thing around her, her mind reverted naturally to the object that lay nearest her heart. The bright sun above sent his cheering radiance through the light fleecy clouds of the young summer—the revivified trees cast their shade over her path—the merry lark rose leaping from the fields, and the sparrow chirruped from her hedge at her side—every thing around her breathed of happiness and joy, and her mind soon brightened into unison with the pleasing influences. Yet ever and anon a flutter of indescribable emotion thrilled through the maiden's heart, and made her cheeks, though unseen, vary in hue. At an angle of the road, while she was moving along, absorbed in her own thoughts, a manly voice exclaimed, "Jeanie!" and a well known form started up from a seat on the wayside. It was William Ainslie. The converse which followed, as the betrothed pair pursued their way, and laid open their hearts to each other, we cannot, and shall not attempt to describe.

After Jeanie had parted for a time with William, and was seated quietly in her sister-in-law's house, a parcel was handed in to her from a lady in whose service she had formerly been. On being opened, it contained some beautiful artificial flowers, which the lady designed as a present to Jeanie on her wedding day; an ornament, regarding which, brides among the Scottish peasantry are rather particular. The kindness displayed in the gift, more than its value, affected Jeanie's heart, and brought tears to her eyes. She fitted the flowers to her cap, and was pleased to hear her sister-in-law's praises of their beautiful effect. Fatal present! but let us not antic pate.

The wedding came and past, not accompanied with boisterous mirth and uproar, but in quiet cheerfulness, for William, like his bride, was peaceful in his tastes and habits. Let the reader then suppose the festive occasion over in decent order, and the new married pair seated in their new house—their own house—at dinner on the following day. Oh, how delicious was that food to both! Their happiness was almost too deep for language. Looks of intense affection and tenderness were its only expression.

I cannot be a truant, Jeanie, to-night, said the husband. "My comrades in the shop must have a fray for me, since we could not ask them to the wedding ye ken."

"Surely," said his wife, raising her timid confiding eyes to his face, "whatever you think right, William; I ken you are nae waster, and they wad hae shown the same kindness to you."

"I hope you'll find me nae waster," returned her husband, smiling; "nor am I fear'd for you turning out aye, either, Jeanie lass, though you was nae very braw about the head last night."

By the direction of his eyes to the artificial flowers which had adorned her wedding cap, and which were laying on the top of her new stand of drawers at the moment, Jeanie saw to what her husband alluded.

"Oh, the flowers!" said she, blushing; "they didna cost me muckle, William?"

The conversation of the pair was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Smith, of Drylaw, who mentioned, with an appearance of kindness, that, having been accidentally in Elsinington that day, she had thought it her duty to pay a friendly visit to Jeanie and her goodman. Whether curiosity had full as much share in bringing about the visit as friendly feeling, it matters not. Jeanie and William received her as became her rank, and the relation in which the former had lately stood regarding her. Bread and cheese were brought out, and she was pressed to take a drop of the best liquor they possessed.

Also, how sudden are the revolutions in human affairs! The party were in the midst of an amicable conversation, when Mrs. Smith's eye happened to be caught by the bouquet on the top of the drawers, and a remarkable change was at once observable in her manner. "Jeanie," said she, with deep emphasis and rising anger, "I did not expect to find my flowers lying there—say not a word—I see it all—you have been a Liar!—there is the evidence of it—I shall not stay another instant in your house!"

So saying, the infuriated and reckless woman rushed from the dwelling of the wonder-stricken pair. Jeanie, as already

mentioned, was timid and modest to a fault. When her late mistress thus addressed her, she motioned to speak, but could not, though the blood rushed to her face, and her bosom heaved convulsively. When left alone with her husband, she turned her eyes wildly towards him, and a flood of tears gushed over her cheeks. What thought William of all this? His emotion was scarcely less on hearing the accusation than his wife's, and recollecting her saying that the flowers cost her nothing, alas! he feared that the charge was but too true. The more than feminine delicacy and timidity of his wife's nature was not fully known to him, and her voiceless agitation appeared too like an inability to confute the imputation. He rose, and while Jeanie, still incapable of utterance, could only hold up her hands deprecatingly, he cast on her a glance of mingled sorrow and rebuke, and left the room. His wife—his bride—stricken in the first flush of her matronly joy and pride, sunk from her chair on his departure—insensible!

It was rather late, from a cause that has been already alluded to, before William Ainslie returned to his home that night. His wife had retired to rest, but her sister-in-law, who had been sent for by Jeanie, was in waiting for him, and revealed the utter falsehood of Mrs. Smith's accusation, she having been an eye-witness of the receipt of the flowers, as a present from another lady. "Take care o' Jeanie, William," said the sister-in-law; "she is ill—a charge o' that kind is enough to kill her." This prediction unhappily had truth in it. On the ensuing morning, the young wife was raving incoherently, in a state between slumber and waking. A deep flush remained permanently upon her countenance, most unlike the usual fairness of her complexion. Her muttered exclamations shocked her husband to the soul. "Oh William, you believe it! But it's no true—it's no true—it is false!" was the language she continually murmured forth.

Medical skill was speedily sent to be necessary, and the surgeon who was called in informed William that, in consequence of strong excitement, incipient symptoms of brain fever had made their appearance. The utmost quiet was prescribed, and blood withdrawn from the temples in considerable quantity. For a time, these and other remedies seemed to give relief, and the poor husband never left the side of the sufferer. Indeed, it seemed as if she could not bear him to be absent; her mind always reverting when he was out of sight, to the idea that he believed the charge which had been made against her, and had left her forever. The oft-repeated assurances to the contrary, from his own lips, seemed at length to produce conviction, for she at last was silent on the subject. But the charge—the blow had struck too deep. Jeanie Ainslie, if we may call her by a name she was destined so short a time to bear—fell, after two or three days' illness, into a state of stupor, which continued with short and rare intervals, and, on the eighth day after her nuptials, her pure spirit departed.

William Ainslie had shown on many occasions in life, great firmness and self-command, and now, though deep suffering was written on his brow, he made, with least external compulsion, the requisite preparations for laying in the grave the remains of her whom he had loved so long and so truly. As to retribution upon the person who had been instrumental, through inconsiderate hastiness only, it is to be hoped, in producing his misery, the bereaved husband thought not of calling for it. Yet it did come, to a certain extent; for our errors seldom pass, even in this life, without a pang of punishment and remorse.

Several days after charging the innocent Jeanie with the abduction of her flowers, Mrs. Smith, of Drylaw, found, by a discovery of her new servant, that one of her younger children, impatient for the flowering of a rosebud in the little garden, had the artificial bouquet in her mother's dressing-room, and had carried it out and stuck it upon the bush. There the flowers were accordingly found and Mrs. Smith, who was far from being an evil-intentioned woman, did feel regret at having charged loss upon the guileless. Ignorant of all that had passed at Elsinington in the interval, she determined to call at William Ainslie's on her first visit to the village, and explain her mistake.

That call was made two days after Jeanie's death; and on Mrs. S's entering the room she found William sitting by his bereaved husband's, with his sister-in-law, and another kind neighbor, bearing him company. "Oh—by the bye—those flowers!" said the welcome visitor, in a tone and in a manner which she meant to be condescending and insinuating, "how sorry I am for what happened about those flowers! Where do you think I found them, after all—in a rose-bush in the garden, where Jeanie had put them. And now I am come to say that I am sorry for it, and hope that it will be all over."

William Ainslie had risen slowly during this extraordinary speech; and now raising his finger towards his lips, he approached and took Mrs. Smith by the hand, beckoning at the same time to the two women who were seated with him. They seemed intuitively to comprehend his wishes and rising, moved towards the bed, around which the curtains were closely drawn, William leading forward also the unresisting and bewildered visitor. The woman drew the curtains aside, and William, fixing his eyes on Mrs. Smith, pointing silently to the body of his wife shrouded in the coverments of death, and lying with the pale uncovered face up turned to that heaven for which her pure life had been a fitting preparation. The wretched and false accuser gazed with changing color on the corpse of the dead innocent, and, turning her looks for a moment

on the silent faces around, that regarded her more in sorrow than in anger, she uttered a groan of anguish as the truth broke on her; then, bursting from the hand which held her, she hastily departed from the house.

There is a little now to add to this melancholy story, which, unhappily is but too true. The little we have to add is but in accordance with the tenor of what has been told. After the burial of his Jeanie, William Ainslie departed from Elsinington; and what were his future fortunes, no one can tell, for he never was seen or heard of again in his native place. As for the unhappy woman who was the occasion of the lamentable catastrophe which we have related, she still lives to deplore the rashness of which she was guilty. Let us hope that the circumstances will have an influence on her future conduct, and be not without its moral efficacy on the minds of our readers.

## NEWSPAPER READERS.

How endless is the variety of newspaper readers; and how hard is it to satisfy their wants. Mr. A believes he shall discontinue his paper, because it contains no political news—and B is decidedly of the opinion that the same sheet dabbles too freely in the political movements of the day. C doesn't take it, because it is all one side. And D, whose opinions it generally expresses, does not take it because it is not severe enough upon the Administration. E thinks it does not pay due attention to fashionable literature—and F cannot bear the flimsy notions of idle writers. G will not suffer a paper to be upon his table which ventures an opinion in favor of slavery—and H never patronizes one that lacks moral courage to expose the evils of the day. I declares he does not want a paper filled with the hedge-podge proceedings of Congress and the Legislature—and J considers that paper the best which gives the greatest quantity of such proceedings. K patronizes papers for the light and lively reading which they contain—and L wonders that the press does not publish Dewey's sermons, and such solid matter. M will never read a paper that does not express the evils of sectarianism—and N is decidedly of the opinion that the pulpit, and not the press, should meddle with religious dogmas. O likes to read police reports—and P, whose appetite is less morbid, would not have a paper in which these silly reports are printed, in his house. Q likes anecdotes—and R won't take a paper that publishes them. S says that murders and dreadful accidents ought not to be put in papers—and T complains that his miserable paper gave no account of the highway robbery last week. U says the type is too small—and V thinks it too large. W stops his paper because it contains nothing but advertisements—and all that X wants it for is to see what is for sale. Y will not take the paper unless it is left at his store before sunrise—and Z declares he will not pay for it if left so early that it is stolen from his domicile before he is up. And last of all, come the complaints of some ladies, who declare the paper is uninteresting because it does not every day contain a list of marriages—just as though it were possible for the printers to marry people, whether the parties will or not.

## Extract from the Report of the Secretary of State.

The relations of the U. States and Mexico, therefore, as they now stand, are these: The demand of the United States for justice for past injuries has been made in conformity with the treaty between the two nations, but apparently no public complaint has since been examined by the Mexican Government, except the conduct of Mr. Grootz. The printing and distribution of his offensive pamphlet is approved by his Government, and justified as conformable to what was required by its dignity and interests.

To the other demands of a public nature, existing at the adjournment of the last annual session of Congress, after five months' delay, no answer has been given. On three cases of private claims presented for final answer, answers have been given. The justice of two of them is denied, although one of them rests on a decree of the Mexican Government. Satisfaction for the one admitted to be just is not made. The Congress of Mexico, who have been considering the subject for eight or ten years, will be "incited" to pass upon it, when they meet.

Since the last session of Congress an embargo has been laid on American vessels in the ports of Mexico. Although raised, no satisfaction has been made, or offered, for the resulting injuries.

Our merchant vessels having been captured and held for a pretended blockade of Texas; vessels and cargoes secretly proceeded against in the Mexican tribunals, condemned and sold to the captains, crews, and passengers of the captured vessels have been imprisoned and plundered of their property, and, after enduring insult and injuries, have been released without remuneration or apology.

For these acts no reparation has been promised, nor explanations given, although satisfaction was in general terms, demanded in July last.

From these facts a judgment may be formed of the value of assurances that have been received from the Mexican Government, and the probability of their ever being fulfilled.

Every body should study to moderate his desires and to be temperate in his pleasures. Then, and only then, can he enjoy life. Those who live in a state of continual excitement are not happy. The mind which becomes frenzied and unbalanced, and rests not a moment contented unless higher excitements are brought.